THE KALEIDOSCOPE;

OR,

Literary and Scientific Mirror.

" UTILE DULCI."

This familiar Miscellany, from which religious and political matters are excluded, contains a variety of original and selected Articles; comprehending Literature, Criticism, Men and Manners; Amusement, Elegant Extracts, Poetry, Anecdotes, Biography, Meteorology, the Drama, Arts and Sciences, Wit and Satire, Fashions, Natural History, &c. &c. forming a handsome Annual Volume, with an Index and Title-page.—*Its circulation renders it a most eligible medium for Literary and Fashionable Advertisements.*—Regular supplies are forwarded weekly to the Agents.

No. 231.—Vol. V. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1824. Price 3½d

TO THE PUBLIC.

The portion of *L'Hermite en Italie*, which we this day present to our readers, terminates a work of considerable interest, which has been translated expressly for the *Kaleidoscope*, with the exception of some discretional omissions and alterations, which we do not hesitate to say have rendered our translation more valuable and interesting than the original. M. Jouy is sometimes prolix in describing scenes ordinary in their nature, and of such every day occurrence that nothing new or amusing can be said respecting them. A detail of the quality of the soup, or the precise quantity of wine drank at a certain town or village, together with those frivolous personal details which serve no purpose except to exhibit the vanity of the narrator, will admit of abridgment, or occasional omission, with advantage both to the author and the reader.

Having now given the first original translation that has appeared of a work in two volumes, value eleven shillings, comprising from six to seven hundred pages, we have it in contemplation to set about a translation of a most amusing and instructive work on Geology and the Theories of the Earth; in which the modern discoveries of Cuvier, and other eminent naturalists, are pleasingly introduced. We have recently been favoured with this work from Paris, and we believe it has not hitherto been translated.

Our translation of the *Hermite* commenced in the *Kaleidoscope*, of February 17th; since which, it has been uninterruptedly continued to the present time. As a certain number of reserve copies are always provided, those who wish to have those containing *L'Hermite* may be supplied through the Agents, by giving early notice.

Men and Manners.

NO. XXXIV.

SCANZANO.—Continued.

FROM L'HERMITE EN ITALIE, THE LATEST WORK OF M. JOUY.

[*Translated expressly for the Kaleidoscope.*]

We had often heard mentioned the sulphur mines, which are situated at about a league's distance from Scanzano. The agent of the superintendant of the gunpowder and saltpetre works, who resided at Rome, one day conducted all the public functionaries to his establishment, and I formed one of his numerous cavalcade. After having crossed several woods, fields, and vineyards, we saw, from the summit of a mountain, a vast plain, covered with cottages and smoke. I never visited the habitations of a barbarous people, but it seemed to me to require little stretch of the imagination to suppose ourselves approaching a colony of savages encamped on the burning sands of Africa. We were already assailed by the odour of the sulphur. When we had descended by a winding path into the plain, we found ourselves in the midst of an extensive marsh, with a fountain on our right hand, over which we were assured that no bird ever flew with impunity; and that no animal ever entered the stream which flows from it without suffering instantaneous asphyxy. This current of water is dried up in the summer. Its exhalations are not exceedingly mephitic, but we had not an opportunity of observing their effects upon birds in their passage over the stream, as none happened to approach it during our visit. The part of the plain immediately around the fountain is barren, but not entirely destitute of grass; it is even thinly scattered over with shrubs. The sulphur pits are surrounded by the huts of the workmen, whose operations we observed with considerable interest. A description of them would be tedious to those who understand the method of working sulphur mines: such as have an imperfect idea of it, can acquire more correct notions only by reading works written on the subject.

The most remarkable building in Scanzano is its church, which is proportioned in size to the population of the country: it is built of brick, and is situated at the eastern extremity of the town. The organ is played by the sexton, and much resembles a German organ in tone.

When I made inquiries respecting the customs peculiar to the country, I was told, that, on St. Nicholas's day, school boys have a right to kill all the poultry which they find at large in the streets. This custom reminded me of one prevalent among the students of Pisa, who have, on the same day, the privilege of arresting all the Jews whom they meet in the streets, and of detaining them prisoners, until they redeem themselves by a ransom of as many pounds of sweetmeats as they weigh in the dress in which they happen to be taken.

You must have remarked how much more numerous Jews are in Italy than in France, notwithstanding the extreme rigour with which the Italian laws are enforced against their tribe. Their quarters are always separated from the other parts of the town, and as they are in low confined situations, are necessarily dirty and unwholesome. Their preference to this country can be accounted for only by supposing the state of commerce and manners in Italy, peculiarly favourable to the exercise of their industry.

Notwithstanding the three fleurs-de-lis placed above the principal gate of Scanzano, the inhabitants do not appear to be particularly attached to the French. Lately, a brigadier of gendarmerie, who was dangerously ill, could not procure a drug prescribed to him by his physician. I was told, the day after his death, that the apothecary had refused to let him have it, because it had been demanded upon trust.

Having effected the object of my mission, I left Scanzano, the day after Napoleon's birth-day, which was signalized by a paltry display of fireworks. The president of the tribunal, named Alberti, was a well-informed man of about fifty-eight years of age, but singularly attached to all the minutiæ of etiquette. So tenacious was he of the respect which he considered due to his rank, that he insisted upon the most ceremonious observance of it, even at the theatre. He supplied the want of boxes there, by placing in front of the long low benches of the pit, and in the centre of a row of straw-bottomed chairs destined for the accommodation of the ladies, an immense arm chair, covered with tapestry. This seat of honour he commanded to be reserved for his sole use. The musicians received orders to begin to play as soon as he entered the theatre, and the actors to defer raising the curtain until he had bowed to both sides of the house, seated himself with becoming dignity, and taken a pinch of snuff. The latter were also enjoined to suspend their performance whenever he should blow his nose. The sub-prefect of Grosseto did not reside at Scanzano; he established his court at his country-house, situated in the bosom of the mountains at a short distance from the town.

I visited Grosseto once more during the hot weather. The vast plains, by which this town is surrounded, produce a considerable quantity of corn, although the land is so bad, that at Marsigliana the Prince Corsini, of Florence, leases, by his factors, 400 *moggi* of land for 44 crowns or *francesconi*, whilst a single *moggio* of good land is let for a hundred crowns. The *moggio* is equivalent to 24 *decalitres*, and the crown of Florence to five francs, 60 centimes.

We returned to Sienna by way of Batigliano and Paganico. Grosseto and these two villages are considered the most dangerous abodes in all the Maremme. The air is more pestilential at Batigliano than at Grosseto; at Paganico it is so deadly in its effects, that this latter village is distinguished by the name of the tomb. Batigliano is a pretty village situated on the declivity of a hill. It is surrounded by pleasant meadows fertilized by the numerous branches of a copious and limpid stream, which issues from the side of the hill. From the month of June to the end of October, this village is abandoned by all its inhabitants, except a few domestics, left to take care of the empty houses. When we passed through it we found only two servants at the inn. A pretty new house was pointed out to me belonging to a young man, whose father, mother, brothers, and sisters had, within the space of two years, fallen victims to their obstinacy in remaining there during the whole of the year. The surviving son, who is performing his studies at Sienna, is now the sole heir to this tomb of his family.

After having passed about an hour and a half at Batigliano, we continued our journey through Paganico, which was once a large and populous city, but is now merely a frightful heap of decayed buildings. The air of the Maremme did not always possess its present baleful qualities; as these have increased, such inhabitants as have escaped their influence, have gradually emigrated. When we passed through Paganico, the only human being whom we saw there was a peasant attending a herd of swine, near the ancient gates of the city. In all the marshes of Tuscany the climate is mild in winter, and there is at that season great abundance of fish, game, and poultry, which are sold at the lowest prices. If this country were not infected by the pestilential emanations of the Castiglione, it would be an earthly paradise. Grosseto is watered by the Ombrone and the Bruna, rivers running nearly parallel with each other; and as it is at the distance of only six miles from the coast, it commands a fine view of the Mediterranean; but the plains around it possess less picturesque beauty than the country in the neighbourhood of Batigliano, which is also at no great distance from the sea. I preferred the situation of Paganico to that of Grosseto; it is, however, inferior to Batigliano in the beauty of its scenery.

Grosseto may be considered the Siberia of Italy, but it is a more perilous abode than the Russian Siberia. Extreme cold, and the privation of the comforts of life, may be endured without endangering health; whilst the infected air which circulates in the Italian Siberia occasions fevers and death.

M. Desfougères, a celebrated engineer, and the surveyor of the bridges and highways of all the united departments of Piedmont, of the country of Genoa, Tuscany, the states of Rome, and the islands of Elba and Corsica, assured me that it would be easy to purify the air of the Meramme, and to render the country populous and fertile, by draining the marshes of Castiglione. This might be effected by means of two canals, one of which would suffice to carry off that part of the waters of the Ombrone and Bruna, which stagnate in the surrounding land, the other to conduct the waters of the marshes to the neighbouring sea. It will hardly be believed that the government is unwilling to incur the expense attending this improvement, which would not amount to more than 1,500,000 francs.

I write from Sienna the last lines of the relation you desired me to give you. In a few days I shall set out for Rome, where I expect to meet you.

Liverpool. A. W.

FINIS.

Literature, Criticism, &c.

LEARNED QUOTATIONS.

(Positively for the last time this season.)

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am not quite sure whether it was before or after the building of Babel, but I believe somebody has said, long before my time, that a downright contradiction between persons who support the same cause, shows that their arguments do not rest on a very sure foundation.

Your correspondent *Y. Z.* has positively advanced that the Greeks had the meanness *to steal* from the East her morals and her philosophy; and Mr. *Quotator* advances quite as positively, that if the Greeks had had the same inducements to quote that *we now possess*—(possess inducements! what an expression for a classical scholar!) they would also have indulged in the practice.

I do not exactly conceive what particular inducements should move the countrymen of Shakespeare, Milton, and Pope to quote for ever from the ancients, or why the townsmen of Roscoe and Rushton should not be able to express their sentiments in their own language; but we may settle that point hereafter.

The early history of the Greeks is so intermixed with fables, that it would be impossible to decide on the exact degree of obligation, which they owed to prior inhabitants of the earth; but we know that, comparatively speaking, they were but a modern nation, and that they had not invented the art of writing. The nations of the East were already degenerated by the time which introduces them to our notice; but they had, undoubtedly, left records, to which the Greeks might, at least, have alluded, if they had been willing; just as the author of what is called the Book of Joshua alludes to a previous writer, in the 10th chapter, verse 13, where he exclaims—"Is not this written in the book of Jasher?" Considering, however, the very good use which the Greeks made of their time, I cannot possibly blame them for the neglect with which they treated their predecessors; and, if there should be really something wrong in such behaviour, we may lay the very flattering unction to our souls, that a similar reproach cannot be made to the moderns, for they have not only done ample justice to the worthies of former ages, by preserving their memory, but they have even carried their veneration to such an excess, that some of them dare not advance the merest truism without supporting it with a passage from the dead languages.

I perfectly agree with Mr. *Quotator* when he says that a writer ought to polish and refine what he publishes: but I also maintain that his embellishments should be made in the language in which he writes, and that it is *sheer laziness* when he has recourse to quotations as often as he gets fast for an expression. It might perhaps be excused in a hasty production, but I cannot see why the practice should be continued in essays, which no one is obliged to issue in a hurry. Why should a writer put his readers to the trouble of finding out the *elegantiæ* of passages, which he himself declares to be untranslatable? or what is there untranslatable among the scraps which *Quotator* gives in his letter? does he mean to *embellish* his native language by mixing it with Latin and French? He *confesses* (admits) that the motives which excite him may be *esteemed* (deemed) rather selfish; but I am happy to say that I have no such apprehension as to *my* motives. In so far as I am *personally* concerned, I care very little whether you admit or refuse quotations; although I cannot join your correspondent, when he compares a plain English performance to a wilderness, which can only be enlivened by quotations; or when he associates pleasing recollections with an extra birching; yet, having once undertaken the defence of *plain dealing* against affectation, I trust that you will have patience enough to bear with me a little longer; and I flatter myself the more with this indulgence, as I do not intend to trouble you again on the same subject.

The people, generally called the ancients, are not men of a particular epocha, or of a particular country, but men selected among the flower of various ages and territories; it is, therefore, extremely unfair to set them up in competition with our cotemporaries. Men of genius are always scarce; and the living generation cannot, of course, produce as many of them as may be exhibited by past ages *all in a row*. In the mean time, it is far from being true, that the writings of antiquity contain more wisdom than those of our own times; and the gentlemen, who make the assertion, can only be excused on the ground on which we forgive every honest *story-teller*, who has so often repeated his tale that he finishes with believing it himself.

The ancients are not our elders in a moral point of view, since they lived, more or less, during *the infancy* of human acquirements: it is *our* knowledge that has been ripened and improved by the experience of ages; and every person of common sense, who has received a decent modern education, knows infinitely more than the cleverest Greek or Roman could possibly know. Our predecessors had not, and could not have, any ideas beyond our comprehension; but we are acquainted with many things of which they were ignorant. Our morals are purer than theirs ever were, and they are not confined to a few philosophers, but spread over all the civilized world; our philosophy has a firmer step, and proceeds on more solid ground; our acquaintance with astronomy, natural history, chemistry, mechanics, in short every thing really important, is infinitely superior to what they knew about those things. Moreover, the history of our own times is richer, in multiplicity and magnitude of events, than that of any other epocha whatsoever: antiquity never had such a period as that from 1789 to 1814. We have ourselves witnessed greater struggles, and seen mightier interests at stake than any preceding generation; and we have also ascertained, that, even in the midst of the general convulsion, the arts and sciences have not retrograded, but have, on the contrary, derived new vigour from the variously contending interests.

It behoves us, therefore, to consider, whether the study of ancient literature is now actually so beneficial as it has been in former times; and whether most of the wise maxims of antiquity would not now be mere commonplace observations, if they were delivered in modern idioms. I must confess that I have some misgivings on that head; and that I feel a little inclined to ascribe *the shyness* of the learned to reasons of a similar nature; they have paid very dearly for their knowledge, and they wish to keep it as much as possible to themselves; they preserve their *mysteries* nearly as faithfully as free-masons do theirs, and, probably, for the very same reason.

They only lift, now and then, a corner of the veil, to show a few quotations which are to strike us with awe, by letting us suppose that they could say a great deal more, if such were their pleasure. Unfortunately, however, the rest of their conduct is but seldom calculated to create much respect; and the dispute in which the whole of this discussion has originated, furnishes a pretty good specimen of erudite warfare. The first attack was made by a learned gentleman, on account of some slip of the pen, or some error of the press; and the attacked scholar felt so sore on the subject, that he first gave a good scolding to yourself and assistants, and then turned with great wrath against his assailant, whom he called *a cobbler*; the cobbler pleaded guilty; but pretended to understand many things besides his regular profession, and among others the art of making gold: this seemed, at first sight, to be very pleasing intelligence; but when I took a nearer view of the materials upon which he meant to work, I thought that he had got altogether upon the wrong scent; and I, naturally enough, exclaimed, with great anxiety,—"*Stercus!*" oh, fie! Domine Sutor, fie!—"*No more of that, and you love me.*"—I am, very respectfully, yours,

ANTI-BARBARUS, JUNIOR.

Liverpool, November 16, 1824.

Scientific Records.

GEOLOGY.

[FROM THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.]

An Abstract of a New Theory of the Formation of the Earth. By IRA HILL, A. M. Baltimore, 1823. pp. 211.

(Concluded from our last.)

During a long lapse of centuries, from the time of Ovid, little seems to have been done in contriving any better mode of world-making, than the ancient sages had employed, or in attempting to penetrate more deeply into the mysteries of creation, than is warranted by the revealed truths of Scripture. After a wide blank of ages, Descartes came forward as the inventor of a new system of cosmogony. To his exploits we have already alluded.

Next to Descartes may be ranked Dr. Burnet, as well in the wildness of his theory, as in the extravagance of his conceptions, and the native fertility of his imagination. No modern world-maker has built his airy castle with more ingenuity, or decorated it more gorgeously. In the extent of his aims he falls behind the contriver of the vortices, for he looks no farther than the origin and revolutions of the terrestrial ball; whereas, Descartes grasps in the theory of his whirlpools the systems of all worlds, and puts in motion the wheels and springs of univereal nature.

In imitation of his predecessors, Dr. Burnet begins with the elements of chaos, which he fashions without difficulty to his liking. We will not follow him through his processes of creation, but take the world as it rose in primitive freshness from his hands, and hint only at the disastrous revolution by which, in consequence of its peculiar conformation, it was doomed to be convulsed and disfigured. This globe of earth, he informs us, was at first round and smooth, not deformed by frowning, craggy mountains, nor marred with such unseemly bays and oceans, as now rest on its surface. Rivers there were, but not like modern rivers, hurrying along with dashing cataracts, and foaming eddies, and furious rapids; they moved with tranquil dignity to an expanse of glassy waters, whose repose no angry tempest invaded. Neptune was a powerless monarch then, nor had Æolus strength to raise his slumbering storms and winds. The elements were friends to one another and to man, and had not learnt to wage the devouring wars, to which they have since been so much addicted. Then were the happy days of which poets sing, the golden age, the perennial spring

Ver erat æternum, placidique tepentibus auris
Mulcebant zephyri natus sine semine flores.

The fruits of the earth came forth in spontaneous abundance, man lived without labour, the plains and the hills were always green and fragrant, made fertile by the moisture of dews and the beams of the sun, the heavens were bright, and the season without change. Such was the world before the deluge, and it is one of the chief labours of Bishop Burnet to explain the causes, by which it has been reduced to its present condition.

In moulding his chaos into a ball, he makes the heavier and harder parts settle to the centre; around the globe thus conglomerated he spreads a layer of waters; and above this comes a solid crust, which constitutes the surface of the habitable earth. As this surface was never overshadowed by clouds, nor cooled by rains, it was exposed perpetually to the scorching heat of the sun. Cracks began to appear, which grew broader and deeper, till at

length they penetrated to the layer of water, and this outer covering fell with tumultuous uproar into the nether abyss; the waters gushed out, and the general deluge ensued. Mountains reared their sightless heads in one part, immense caverns yawned in another to receive the outpoured oceans from the central regions, vapours ascended, clouds gathered, rivers foamed over precipices, and the beautiful temple of the world was converted into a ruin. Mortals, whose lot has been cast in these degenerate times, can form but a feeble conception of the primitive earth; such only as we have of the splendour of an ancient city, by wandering over its remains, and contemplating its fallen columns, its decaying monuments, and buried edifices.

But the catastrophe, bewailed more than any other by Dr. Burnet, was the terrible shock which the earth suffered in being wrenched from its original posture in regard to the sun. He says, "when the earth escaped so narrowly from being shipwrecked in the great deluge, it was so broken and disordered, that it lost its equal poise, and thereupon the centre of its gravity changing, one pole became more inclined towards the sun, and the other more removed from it, and so its right and parallel situation, which it had before to the axis of the ecliptic, was changed into an oblique, in which skew posture it hath stood ever since, and is likely so to do for some ages to come." How many ages, the ingenious author does not predict. He seems wholly absorbed with the calamity itself, which has caused the changes of the seasons, the extremes of winter and summer, tempests, thunders, lightnings, hurricanes, earthquakes, and all the furious conflicts of the elements; and so great is his horror at these things, that he assures us, if Archimedes could have found a place to fix his lever, he should wish him to have been employed in no higher enterprise, than that of prizing back the earth to its original position, thus restoring to us "the comfort of a perpetual spring, which we have lost by its dislocation ever since the deluge."—After having described the formation of the earth, its past changes, and present disorders, the author concludes his theory by a methodical account of its final dissolution; and although his work defies the majesty of science, and boasts little of the wisdom of philosophy, it claims an honourable rank among the trophies of fancy.

Whiston made a *New Theory* of the earth, resembling, in some of its features, the one just noticed. It was his opinion that a comet was cooled by a long voyage beyond the orbit of Saturn, its atmosphere condensed, and that this, together with the nucleus of the comet, constituted the chaos mentioned in the scriptures. The eccentric orbit was changed to one of a more circular form. The nucleus of the comet was converted into a central solid, and around this was the abyss of waters made by the condensation of the comet's tail. The whole was enveloped in an exterior covering, which the ingenious theorist, being a mathematician, calculated to be 200 miles thick. This envelopment was dry and habitable, and the affairs of this world went on quietly and prosperously, till, in an evil hour, the earth ran into the tail of a comet, which was suddenly condensed to rain, and poured so heavy a burden on the surface, as to break the outer shell, force the waters from beneath, and produce a universal deluge. When the earth was happily rescued from this perilous adventure in the comet's tail, the rain ceased, and the waters fled for refuge, some into the beds of oceans, seas, lakes, and others to their central prison, where they have ever since been confined.

Many other theories might be enumerated. Leibnitz, the rival of Newton, believed the earth to be an extinguished sun, on the surface of which, as it gradually cooled, vapours were condensed into water. The notion of Buffon was much the same, except that he believed the earth and other planets to be only fragments of the sun, splintered from its surface by the concussion of a comet, which had unwittingly broken loose from its orbit, and hurried to its destruction in the consuming embrace of the king of fires. Kepler thought the earth a living animal, sustained by a regular circulation of internal fluids, and winging its way through the heavens by its own vital energy. According to Demaillet, says M. Cuvier, "the globe was covered with water for many thousand years. He supposed that this water had gradually retired; that all the terrestrial animals were originally inhabitants of the sea; that man himself began his career as a fish; and he asserts, that it is not uncommon, even now, to meet with fishes in the ocean which are still only half men, but whose descendants will in time become perfect human beings." Thus, in following the chain of theories, we might go on from step to step, till we should find ourselves swallowed up and lost in the deep gulf of the controversy, which has raged with so much heat between the modern Neptunians and Vulcanians.

But we design not to push our inquiries so far. Our purpose is answered, if it has been made to appear, as we trust it has, that precedents are sufficiently numerous and respectable to rescue any person from the charge of a misuse of time or talents, in devising new theories of the earth; and especially ought the ambition, which prompts to such an enterprise, to be considered praiseworthy and high-minded, after so many champions have retired discomfited from the field. We have the satisfaction to feel, therefore, that we have discharged our duty towards the author of the *new theory* before us, so far as that duty consists in showing, that no apology is necessary on his part for giving himself up to these pursuits, and that he is borne out by examples, which he may well be proud to imitate, in 'claiming his theory as an original one.' Should any reader doubt the accuracy of this statement, we beg he will again look over what we have written. Some, perhaps, may have the fastidiousness to say, that the very name of theory carries with it an air of suspicion; and that, in the important matter of world-making, it is better to have one plain fact than a thousand theories, which can be little more, after all, than so many hypotheses, conjectures, or speculations. Others may fancy themselves wise in discovering few indications of a sound understanding, or rational science, in the theories we have sketched, and be ready to lament with Juvenal, that common sense is so rare a quality among the inhabitants of the earth, and to declare, that, if all men were cosmogonists, nothing could have been more in the spirit of truth and wisdom, than the courageous attempt of Democritus, junior, to prove the whole world insane. Such impertinent objections as these we shall not stop to answer, but proceed without delay to the author's new theory.

As far as we can judge, he is a decided Vulcanian, although much less inveterate in his enmity to water, than some other disciples of this school. In his analysis of chaos, the element of water holds a conspicuous place. In fact, the body of chaos itself seems to have been of a fluid, pulpy consistency, and the author affirms, that when the earth was first formed into a sphere, "there were no rocks nor stones in the whole confused mass," so well is he versed in the scenes

> "Where eldest Night
> And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
> Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
> Of endless wars."

Notwithstanding the acknowledged abundance of water in the wild dominions of Chaos, our theorist's favourite element is fire, to whose agency he mainly ascribes the great work of creation. At first, it would seem, the fire was latent, and without heat, and the author explains the manner in which this important property was elicited. "When the world was fashioned," he says, "the concussion of particles of matter in consolidating would produce heat." The greater the uproar, therefore, the more violent the heat, and the sooner the work would be accomplished. By some accident, the chaotic elements did not resolve themselves into regular and well constituted masses; volumes of fire were pent up within impenetrable barriers of earth and stone, where they increased in fury and strength, till they burst from their confinement with terrible explosions and devastation. Immense rocks were torn from their roots in the nether recesses of the earth, and thrown up to be mountains on its surface, fearful caverns opened their dark vaults to receive the waters, and make new oceans. In this way, all the dry land had been raised above the face of the deep; to a succession of earthquakes, proceeding from this subterranean furnace, we are indebted for continents, islands, seas, lakes, rivers, mountains, hills, valleys, and every variety of conformation, which renders the globe a fit dwelling-place for man.

This will suffice for an outline of the author's new theory. In a case so obvious, we deem it unnecessary to enter more fully into its general merits; but we should do injustice both to the theorist, and to such of our readers as may not have been favoured with a perusal of his works, were we to pass over in silence his account of the time and manner in which our continent came into being. All those parts of this western hemisphere, through which run the ridges of the Andes, the Stony mountains, and the Alleganies, were raised at the time of the general deluge, and were the cause of that catastrophe. The masses of rocks, which form these mountains, were thrust up by one tremendous explosion of the central fire, and the superincumbent waters, thus driven from their ancient beds, rolled to the eastern hemisphere, overspread the old world, and destroyed the inhabitants, as recorded in the Scriptures.

The north east part of America has a much later origin, although the author forbears to mention the precise period when this event took place. He dwells chiefly on its effects. The regions of Greenland and Labrador arose at once: a current was forced to the south-west, which, after scooping out the excavation now called the Bay of Fundy, swept, with "awful grandeur," over the New England States. "Nova Scotia rested on strata not to be shaken." Long Island was produced by the junction of this torrent with the ocean. And now ensued a fray worthy to be recorded in all veracious history, and to stand in high places among the annals of departed ages. We give the description in the author's own inimitable language.

"The current of the ocean overspread all the low lands of the Atlantic states, and was enjoying uninterrupted dominion where our largest cities, delightful plantations, and luxurious farms now appear. But suddenly its regal sway, its imperial authority was attacked. The waters, which had been confined beyond the mountains, as if ambitious of a nobler sway, now burst the bounds that had confined them, and, with an irresistible impetuosity, rushed to attack the ocean, which had extended beyond his natural domains, and presumed to attack the mountains. The majestic Hudson, elated by the conquest of the firm barriers that confined him, armed with the soil and fragments of the mountains he had conquered, in awful grandeur overspreading the country, dared dispute the power of the ocean. Accelerated by the numerous auxiliaries from the mountains, and strengthened by arming himself with every rock that opposed his passage, the ocean himself retired at his approach. *But* from the attack of the powerful Hudson, who moved from the mountains of freedom, the tyrant ocean would have held his dominion over the most luxuriant parts of the middle and southern states. He would have extended Long Island to the highlands of Jersey, and destined the site of the emporium of the new world to be a stagnant marsh or a barren plain. The Hudson turned the proud currents of the ocean to the south, removed the sands and rocks, which would have united the island to the main, and preserved a harbour unequalled in the world."—pp. 96–98.

Such were the daring attempts, such the proud success of the Hudson. But notwithstanding this humiliating discomfiture of the ocean, its towering pride was not subdued; it made other encroachments, rushed headlong into other encounters, and again met with a like disgraceful repulse. Listen once more to the author.

"As the God of nature never formed a nobler stream, or one which is capable of being converted to more important uses, than the Susquehanna, it is to be expected that such a river would weigh much either in favour or against our theory.—This noble river rescued from the gloomy embrace of the ocean millions of acres, which now are adorned by rich harvests, pleasant villages, and magnificent cities. Before the ocean was met by the Susquehanna, he had recovered from the shocks experienced from the Hudson and the Delaware, and was again pressing his forces towards the mountains. Had this noble river been an experienced warrior, standing on the top of the Alleganies, surrounded by invincible legions, and marked the foe of freedom marching to defile, by his footsteps, the holy sanctuary of liberty, he could not have moved more effectually to repel the baleful intruder. As the accumulated force of the Susquehanna approached, the current of the ocean was again driven from the shores, and turned to the south."—p. 102.

Should our inquisitive readers not be satisfied with these specimens of the author's manner, and with this brief sketch of his theory, we can do them no better service than to recommend the perusal of the work itself. We should be happy to unfold to them his *new theory* of the tides, but our allotted space is already filled up, and we can only assure them, that this is quite as novel and edifying as the theory of the earth and of deluges. With true magnanimity he disdains the trammels of such men as Newton and La Place, and chooses to wear no chains but those of his own fabricating. If we have succeeded in gathering his meaning, the tides are caused by the rays of light passing through the atmosphere; but we will not diminish, by broken hints or imperfect descriptions, the pleasures in store for the curious, who may engage in a thorough examination of the subject.

Should the thought intrude itself upon any person, after reading the above remarks, that we have not a due respect for the science of geology, he will be in a mistake. We think it a noble and useful science, and worthy of the great minds by which it has been so much improved within the last half century. It is not the science to which we object, but the theory; not the facts, but the speculations; not the realities, but the dreams. Geology, in its legitimate objects, is a science of observation and analysis, and should be confined within its proper limits. The structure, the gradual revolutions, and the component parts of the earth, are subjects capable of investigation, and have their utility; but inquiries about the original elements of chaos, and the formation of the globe out of these elements, are as preposterous as they are fruitless, and, in the present stage of mental progress, they will rarely gain admittance into a mind, from which philosophy and common sense have not been banished.

Poetry.

TRIBUTE OF REGRET TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE REV. R. C. MATURIN.

Shall he whom their tenderness best could pourtray,
Of Love, and of Pity, unwept pass away?
Unhonoured, shall *Maturin* sleep with the dead,
Nor the tear of regret to his memory be shed?
Unmourn'd shall he slumber the cold turf beneath,
While mute is the lyre as the chambers of death?

No! willow, green willow, thy branches low wave,
And mournfully sweep o'er his tear-sprinkled grave;
Ye daughters of Erin with laurel go twine
Your Maturin's thrice-hallowed, cypress-bound shrine,
Go, weep for the spirit from earth pass'd away,
And scatter fresh roses around the loved clay!

Oh! life was to him a bleak desert scene drear,
And chill the rude destiny greeted him here;
And gifted with Genius exalted, refined,
A mind but too polished, a heart but too kind;
Like the pride of the forest he bow'd to the blast,
And the shadows of death o'er the pilgrim have past!

And, Woman! go weep, for the lyre is unstrung
That sweetly of thee in thy purity sung:
With *Eva* lament for the tender and true,
And gather blue vi'lets his death-couch to strew;
With *Immalee* weep, fairest woe-stricken child,
And wail whom, untimely, the grave has despoiled!

Peace be around the cold sod where he sleepeth,
And hallowed the turf where his vigil Love keepeth;
Fair spring the myrtle his lone grave to cover,
And angels of light guard his resting-place ever;
Bright beam the sun on his now tranquil breast,
And "peace be around him!" the peace of the blest!

Liverpool. G.

UPON SEEING A VILLAGE CHURCH-YARD.

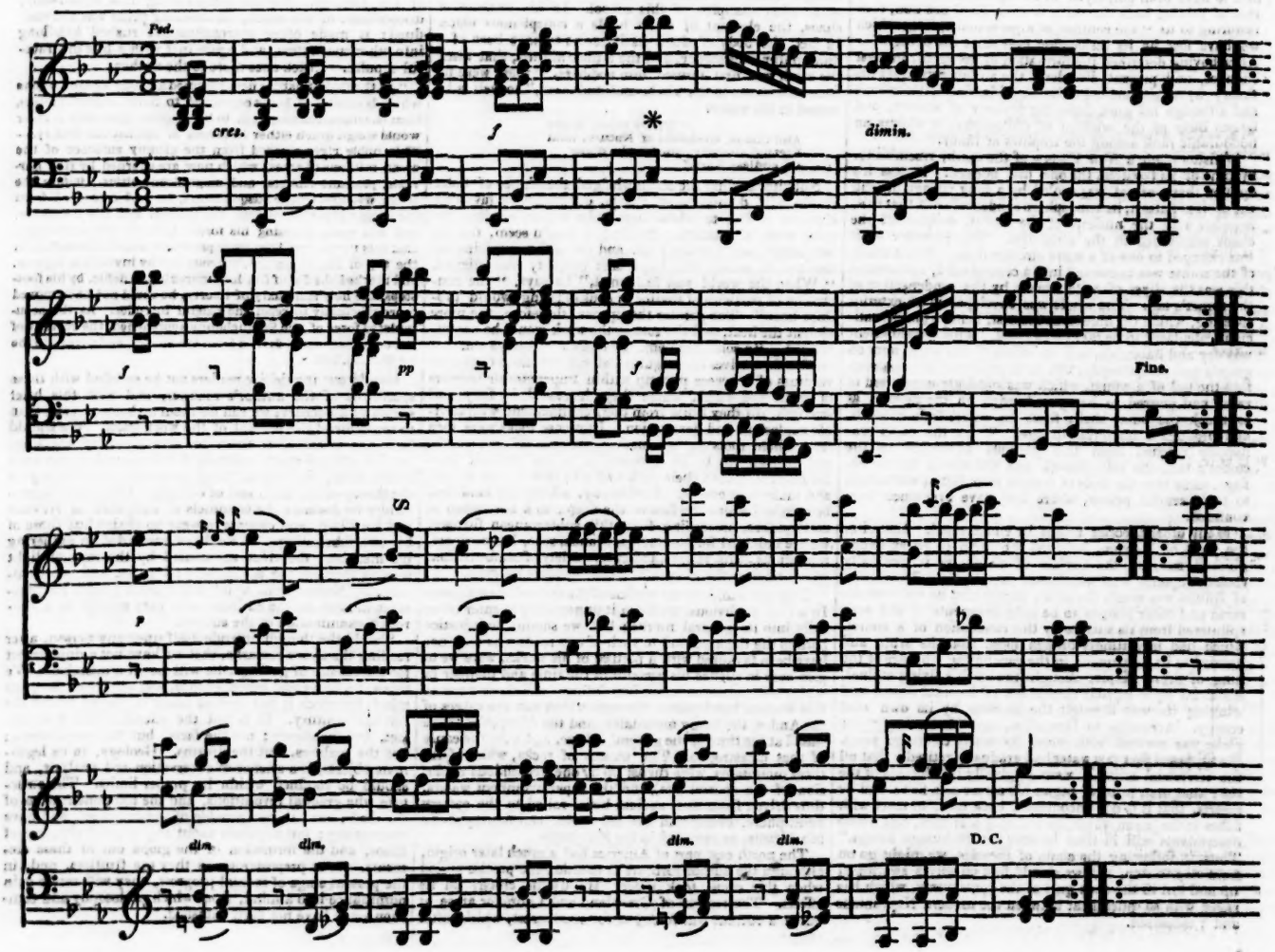
Along these fields as I my course pursue,
'Yon distant spire, that rises to my view,
O'erlooks the relics of a former race,
That slumber now in lasting Death's embrace.
Some few years hence, for common is the doom,
I, too, like them must moulder in the tomb.
The narrow limit of some sixty years
Bounds all my hopes and finishes my fears.
Then, whilst I live, oh let it be my care
To keep my mind and reputation fair!
To all be kind, to all alike be just,
And place in firm integrity my trust,
Scorn each vile end and mercenary aim,
Nor raise my fortune by my loss of fame.
Then when this heart at last shall cease to beat,
And every vein shall lose its vital heat,
When my free spirit fled, in turn I come
To claim my last sad tenement the tomb,
What nobler line or epitaph can I
Require to mark my mortal memory
Than this—let monarchs mend it if they can—
Here peaceful rests a poor but honest man.

Liverpool. T. R.

WALTZ,

FOR THE PIANO-FORTE OR HARP,—BY WILMS, OF BERLIN.

[FROM THE HARMONICON.]



Gymnasia
AND
MISCELLANEOUS RECREATIONS.

How often have I bless'd the coming day,
When toil remitting, lent its turn to play;
When all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art, and feats of strength, went round
Goldsmith.

"It is a call to keep the spirits alive."—*Ben Jonson.*

NO. XIX.

A B

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The annexed sketch represents a very effective mode by which a person may seize another, who is much stronger than himself, and pinion him so that he is almost powerless, without hurting him. This manœuvre is sometimes of the greatest utility to police officers, or others, who have to apprehend powerful and desperate fellows.—It is difficult to delineate the process by the pencil; but it is performed thus:—A, coming behind, puts his arms under the arms of B, brings them back over the shoulders of B, and clasps his own hands upon the nape of B's neck. In this position B has scarcely any power, and cannot raise his head.—Yours,

☞

P. S.—A correspondent of the *Kaleidoscope* has addressed the following note to the editor.

SIR,—Ask your gymnastic correspondent ☞, if he can do the following exploit; because, if he cannot, he is not fit to enter the lists with your humble servant,

TWENTY-FIVE.

QUERY.

A and B are nearly of the same weight, B must sit down upon a chair; and A with one hand must lift B, together with the chair, and place them both on a table.

To this challenge of *Twenty-five*, my reply is, that, although, I am exactly double *twenty-five*, I will undertake to lift him and his chair in the manner here proposed. In fact, the exploit is so simple, that I have scarcely thought it deserving a place in the series of Gymnasia. However, to satisfy *Twenty-five*, that this is not mere boasting, this feat shall form the subject of my next letter.—Yours,

☞.

The Beauties of Chess.

"*Ludimus effigiem belli*".....VIDA.

SOLUTION TO GAME XXI.

Our readers will perceive, at the first glance, that the white could give immediate checkmate with the Queen, at H 8, or G 7. The white, however, relinquising this advantage, engages to compel the black to checkmate him with a particular pawn, and in a certain number of moves.

We have in our possession a very valuable and scarce work, in folio, of about 700 pages, by Giambatista Lolli. Its title runs thus:—*Osservazione Teoriche Pratiche sopra il guioco degli, scacchi,*" &c. This work, from which we took our last week's position, contains many similar chess problems, which we purpose to translate into our chess language.

1.—w.	Queen .....F—6		
b.	King .....G—8		
2.—w.	King .....G—4		
b.	King .....H—7—	OR.— b.	King .....F—8
3.—w.	Pawn .....G—3	3.—w.	Queen .....D—6✕
b.	King .....G—8	b.	King .....G—8
4.—w.	Castle .....E—8✕	4.—w.	Castle .....E—8✕
b.	King .....H—7	b.	King. .....H—7
5.—w.	Queen .....E—7	5.—w.	Queen .....E—7
b.	King .....G—6	b.	King .....G—6
6.—w.	Knight.....F—4✕	6.—w.	Knight .....F—4✕
b.	King . ....G—7*	b.	King.....H—7 †
7.—w.	King .....H—5	7.—w.	King.....H—5
b.	King .....H—7	b.	King .....G—7
8.—w.	Knt's PawnG—4	8.—w.	Knt's Pawn G—4 †
b.	King .....G—7	b.	King.....H—7
9.—w.	Knight.....D—5	9.—w.	Knight .....D—5
b.	King .....H—7	b.	King .....G—7
10.—w.	Castle .....D—8	10.—w.	Queen .....F—6✕
b.	King .....G—7	b.	King.....H—7
11.—w.	Queen .....F—6✕	11.—w.	Queen .....G—6
b.	King .....H—7	b.	Bshp'sPawnG—6✕
12.—w.	Queen .....G—6✕		MATE.
b.	Bhp'sPawnG—6✕—MATE.		

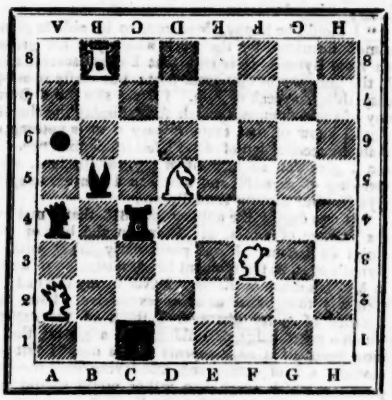
* If the black king, instead of moving to G 7, moves to H 7, the white plays as above till the tenth move; then, instead of moving the castle to D 8, in order to gain a move, he moves the queen to F 6, as in the eleventh move.

† If the black, at the sixth move, instead of moving the king to H 7, moves him to G 7, the white must, in the eighth move, play the knight's pawn to G 3, and in the ninth move to G 4, in order to gain a move.

[NO. XXII.]

The white to move, and to give checkmate in THREE moves.

Black.



WHITE.

Phrenology.—We observe that there is to be a Course of Lectures on this subject in a few days, by Dr. Cameron. The science of Phrenology is rapidly gaining proselytes. There are already lecturers in Edinburgh, Glasgow, London, and our Transatlantic friends in the United States are extending this science. It, however, continues to have its opponents, but there has not been any important discovery made, at variance with the received opinions of the day, which has been without them. Hume in his History of England observes, with regard to the immortal discoverer of the circulation of the blood, "No physician in Europe, who had reached forty years of age, ever, to the end of his life, adopted Harvey's doctrine." That the progress of Phrenology has been comparatively slow from its commencement, is not matter of astonishment, when it is considered as overturning what has been hitherto written on the philosophy of the mind by the most eminent men.—*Tuesday's paper.*

Advertisements.

FOR the Benefit of Miss CRAMER.—This present MONDAY, Nov. 29, will be performed Shakspeare's Play of

THE TEMPEST;

OR, THE ENCHANTED ISLAND.

Prospero, Mr. Vandenhoff—Ariel, Miss Cramer, with the Song of "*Bid me discourse.*"

After which, positively for this night only, an entirely new Comic Extravaganza (never performed at this Theatre) called

GIOVANNI IN LONDON;

OR, THE LIBERTINE RECLAIMED.

DON GIOVANNI (as performed by Madame Vestris, at the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane, 200 nights) Miss CRAMER—Leporello, Mr. G. Penson.

In the course of the evening, a variety of Entertainments, as will be expressed in the bills of the day.

At the conclusion of the performance, Miss Cramer will take leave of her Friends in a Song, written and composed expressly for the occasion called "*Good Bye.*"

Tickets to be had of Miss Cramer, No. 8, Christian-street, and at the Box-office of the Theatre, where places for the Boxes may be taken.

FOR the Benefit of Mr. ANDREWS.—On Wednesday next, December 1, Rowe's celebrated Tragedy of

JANE SHORE.

Immediately after the Play, Mr. RICHARD ANDREWS will perform on the Grand Piano Forte, "Kalkbrenner's Grand Fantasia," in which is introduced the National Air of "Rule Britannia." To conclude with

TOM AND JERRY; or, LIFE IN LONDON.

Positively for the last time this season.

Tickets to be had of Mr. ANDREWS, No. 42, Lime-street.

PHRENOLOGY.

A COURSE of TWELVE LECTURES on PHRENOLOGY will be delivered at PARIS's ROOMS, Bardman-street, by GEORGE DOUGLAS CAMERON, M.D.

The FIRST LECTURE will be delivered on Monday, the 6th of December, at Twelve o'clock; and to be continued at the same hour on Mondays and Thursdays, to the end of the Course. The same Lectures will be delivered on the Evenings of these days, at Seven o'clock.

Dr. CAMERON purposes, in these Lectures, to explain in what manner the Powers and Modifications of the Human Mind depend upon the Structure or Organisation of the Brain, as pointed out by *Gall* and *Spurzheim*: The actual Progress which has been made by the Supporters of these Doctrines in this and other Countries, and particularly the Proofs upon which Phrenologists have founded their new System of Philosophy.

Dr. C. will be enabled to do this the more easily, from possessing a large Collection of Casts, comprehending the most opposite extremes of Character and Genius.

Tickets, One Guinea each, to be had from Mr. WILLAN, Bold-street.

Liverpool, 10th Nov. 1824.

THE

ROYAL LEWISIAN SYSTEM OF WRITING.

MR. LEWIS (from the Royal Academy, London) the real Inventor of the New Mathematical System of Writing, under the immediate and especial patronage of his Majesty and other branches of the Royal Family, and nearly every person of distinction in the United Kingdom, presents his grateful acknowledgments to the worthy Inhabitants of Liverpool and its vicinity, and begs to inform them, that in consequence of the very great encouragement he has experienced, during his short residence among them, and the urgent solicitations of many respectable persons who wish to avail themselves of his instruction, he will do himself the honour of prolonging his stay in Liverpool beyond the period he had fixed for his departure to town. Mr. Lewis will, therefore, continue to receive those who apply during the next fortnight, beyond which time he cannot admit any NEW Pupil. His system is equally applicable to persons of all ages and capacities; and, however incorrectly the Pupil may write, it will infallibly eradicate all bad habits, and communicate (in SIX SHORT and EASY LESSONS) a quick and beautiful style of Writing; so free, elegant, and expeditious, as no other method of teaching ever yet discovered can possibly impart, and from which it is impossible for him ever after to deviate.

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SHORT HAND taught in SIX LESSONS, for ONE GUINEA, on the plan made use of by the Public Reporters, with their mode of following a speaker by contractions, hitherto kept a secret; and their infallible method of abbreviating and deciphering, without burthening the memory.

N.B. Pupils are detained only one hour *each* Lesson, and may attend any time that suits their own convenience.

SEPARATE APARTMENTS FOR LADIES.

FORGET ME NOT, a Christmas present for 1825, is just published by R. Ackermann, 101, Strand.

Its highly-finished Embellishments, twelve in number, are by Westall, Uwins, Corbould, Heath, &c.; and the Literary Department embraces Contributions from many celebrated Writers, as Montgomery, Barton, Wiffen, Neele, Bowring, Cobbold, the Author of "Doblado's Letters," &c. &c.—An early application is recommended to be made for this popular work, to prevent the disappointment experienced last year by many, on account of the exhaustion of a very large impression several days before Christmas.

"There are about Fifty Articles, several of great, some of very considerable, merit. It is a fit and elegant Present, and will delight the Receiver, while it does credit to the Donor."—*Literary Gazette.*

ARTIFICIAL TEETH, by Mr. BEREND, Surgeon-Dentist, 25, Bold-street, warranted to remain perfectly secure and comfortable in the mouth, without tying, twisting wires, or any fastening whatever to the adjoining Teeth, and yet so effectually secured, that the most powerful motions of the jaws, in eating, cannot displace or injure them, fixed without pain, and adapted with such accuracy to the remaining Teeth, that not the least difference can be felt, neither can the minutest observer distinguish them. These Teeth can, with ease, be taken out, cleaned, and replaced with great safety by the wearer.
25, Bold-street.

HUNT'S superiorly prepared ROASTED CORN, at 1s. per Pound, recommended for its wholesome and invigorating qualities, by the most eminent of the Faculty.
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Imperishable BLACK INK, in Bottles at 6d. and 1s. each; which flows from the Pen with delightful facility, as long as a drop remains in it: will never change colour, or peel off the Paper or Parchment from damp or other causes, till the fabric on which it is written is dissolved or destroyed; and it will retain these qualities in any climate, without becoming glutinous, or turning mouldy in the bottle or inkstand, the common failing of all modern inks.
BRITISH HERB TEA and TOBACCO, composed of the most fragrant, aromatic, and salubrious British Herbs.
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None is genuine unless accompanied with the fac-simile signature of H. Hunt.
Wholesale and Retail Agents for Liverpool, TRINNER and HUNT, 6, Williamson-square.

MEMOIRS of PAINTING, by W. BUCHANAN, Esq. containing a Chronological History of the Importation of Pictures by the great Masters into Great Britain since the period of the French Revolution; with Critical Remarks thereon, and Sketches of Character of the leading Masters of the various Schools of Painting. 2 vols. 8vo, 28s.
Published by R. Ackermann, 101, Strand, and to be had of all Booksellers in town and country.

SUPPLEMENTARY TO THE STUDY OF ARITHMETIC.
This day is published, in a very large volume, with 50 Engravings, and 1000 Woodcuts, price £1 1s. bound,
A Complete COURSE of PURE and MIXED MATHEMATICS, including the latest improvements in every branch, with many hundred examples for exercise.
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Author of the Architectural Dictionary, &c. &c. &c.
This course carries the Student, as soon as he has learnt Vulgar Fractions, through Algebra, in all its Parts; Euclid's Elements, which are inserted verbatim from Simson's edition; Fluxions, Differentials, Functions, Transcendental Geometry, Mensuration, Mechanics, Gauging, Land-Surveying, Astronomy, Spherics, Optics, Hydrostatics, Logarithms, &c. &c. being the most complete System for the Use of Schools and Students ever published.
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Also, a MATHEMATICAL and PHILOSOPHICAL DICTIONARY, exhibiting the Present State of those Sciences, by Dr. MITCHELL, 10s. 6d. boards, or 12s. calf gilt.

CHEAP & POPULAR BOOKS FOR WINTER EVENINGS.
1. THE ANECDOTE LIBRARY, consisting of 3000 of the most curious Anecdotes in the English Language, price 10s. 6d. bound.
2. THE VOCAL LIBRARY, containing Two Thousand Two Hundred of the most approved Songs of all descriptions, price 10s. 6d. bound.
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12. WATKINS's PORTABLE CYCLOPEDIA, or Dictionary of all Arts and Sciences, revised and enlarged, by Dr. MITCHELL, with numerous Engravings, price 16s. bound.
Printed for G. B. Whittaker, Ave-Maria-lane, London; and to be had of all Booksellers.

BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON of Saturday, November 27, will contain the best account of the Fight at Warwick, between Hudson and Cannon. It will be kept on sale at the Office, in the Strand, London, for three days after the 27th instant. BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON, AND SPORTING CHRONICLE, combining, with the news of the week, a rich Repository of Fashion, Wit, and Humour, and the interesting incidents of Real Life, the price of which is Seven-pence, is a full-sized Quarto Weekly Newspaper, published in London every Saturday Afternoon, in time for that Day's Post, by which it may be received in any part of the country, within one hundred miles of London, on the Sunday Morning. Orders attended to by all the London and Country Newspaper Agents, Booksellers, and Postmasters; also by Messrs. Smiths, No. 192, Strand, London.

There is an exquisitely beautiful work just published by Ackermann, of the Strand, London, intended as a token of friendship and affection, entitled, "Forget me Not," for 1825; and for this purpose it is assuredly a splendid little momento. The letter-press is neat and elegant, but its embellishments are superior to any thing we have yet seen. The most eminent artists, such as Westall, Heath, and others, have been employed to execute the plates; and it is altogether a work highly creditable to the enterprise of the publisher, and to the talents of the respective artists who have been employed in its execution.—*See adv.*

Biographical Notices.

LORD BYRON AND COUNT STENDAL.

The following sketch of Lord Byron is extracted from a work on that noble poet, published at Paris, by a Madame L. S. Belloc. It is from the pen of M. Beyle, better known by his pseudonym Count Stendal. M. Beyle, besides his epigrammatic and lively mode of expression, is a man of acute mind and great knowledge of the world. His observations on the character of Lord Byron are, therefore, of more than ordinary value. M. Beyle, it will be observed, refers more than once to the appearance and manner of Lord Byron, as bearing a resemblance in certain particulars to Napoleon. He had better opportunities of observing the Emperor than the poet. He was Private Secretary to Napoleon, whom he accompanied in the terrible Russian expedition and retreat:

The following *piquant* sketch of Lord Byron's character is from the pen of M. Beyle (better known under the fictitious name of Count Stendal) a letter to whom from his Lordship, on the character of Sir Walter Scott, has been printed by Captain Medwin at the end of his *Conversations*:

"I should be happy, Madame, to be able to give you some information for the work which you are preparing on Lord Byron. It is true that I spent several months in the company of that great poet; but really it is not an easy thing to speak of him. I never saw Lord Byron at any of those moments which fully display the character; what I know of that extraordinary man is nothing more than the recollection of what I felt in his presence. How can I give you an account of my recollections, without speaking of myself? and how can I venture to speak of myself, after naming Lord Byron?

"It was during the autumn of 1816 that I met him at the Theatre of Scala, at Milan, in the box of Signor Luigi de Breme. I was particularly struck with Lord Byron's eyes, at the moment he was listening to a sestetto in Mayer's opera of *Elena*. Never in my life had I ever seen any thing finer or more expressive. Even at this distance of time, whenever I think of the expression which a great painter should give to a genius, that sublime head all at once appears before me. I felt at the moment a fit of enthusiasm, and laying aside the just repugnance which every man rather proud should feel in getting himself presented to an English nobleman, I requested Signor de Breme to introduce me to his Lordship. Next day I dined with him at the same gentleman's house, along with the celebrated Monti. We talked about poety, and the question was asked, which were the twelve most beautiful verses composed during the last century in French, Italian, or English. All the Italians present agreed in praising the twelve first verses of Monti's poem *Mascheroniana*, as the finest which their language had produced for a century. During the time that Monti was good enough to recite them to us, he looked at Lord Byron—he was in raptures. That shade of hauteur, or rather *the air of a man who feels himself in the situation of repelling an intrusion*, which somewhat disfigured his fine countenance, all at once disappeared, and was replaced by a look expressive of happiness. The first canto of the *Mascheroniana*,* of which Monti recited nearly the whole, in obedience to the acclamations of the auditors, produced the strongest impression on the author of *Childe Harold*. I shall never forget the divine expression of his features; it was the serene air of power and of genius, and, according to my feeling, Lord Byron had not that moment any affectation to reproach himself with.

"We made a comparison of Alfieri and Schiller's systems of tragedy. The English Poet maintained that it was extremely absurd, that in Alfieri's *Philip II.* Don Carlos should, without any difficulty, and in the very first scene, he found *tete-a-tete* with the wife of the jealous Philip. Monti, who has been so happy in the *practice* of poetry, advanced such extraordinary positions on the theory of the art, that Lord Byron, turning to his neighbour, said to him, speaking of Monti, '*He knows not how he is a poet.*'

"From that day, I passed every evening with Lord Byron. When he was elevated, and talked with enthusiasm, his sentiments were noble, great, generous—in a word, on a par with his genius. But in the *prose* moments of his life, the sentiments of the poet also appeared to me very ordinary. He had a great deal about him of little vanity—a constant and boyish dread of appearing ridiculous, and, if I may venture to say it, of that hypocrisy which the English call *cant*. He seemed to me always ready to make a compromise with any prejudice, if it procured him its applause.

"There was one point about him which particularly struck the Italians, and that was, that it was evident this great poet was much prouder of his descent from the Byrons of Normandy, who accompanied William the Conqueror to England, than of being the author of *Parisina* and of *Lara*. I was lucky enough to raise his curiosity, by the personal details I gave him about Napoleon, and the retreat from Moscow, which, in 1816, were not yet in everybody's mouth. That sort of merit procured me several walks with him, *tete-a-tete*, in the immense and solitary green-room of La Scala. The great man made his appearance for half an hour every evening, and then it was the finest conversation I ever met with in my life; a volcano of novel and generous sentiments so mingled together, that I fancied that I had never before felt them. During the remaining part of the evening, he was so thoroughly the *Englishman* and the *Noble Lord*, that I could never make up my mind to accept his invitations to dine with him, which he repeated from time to time. He was then composing *Childe Harold*; every morning he wrote a hundred verses, which, in the evening, he reduced to twenty or thirty. Between these periods of labour he had need of relaxation, and he found the necessary amusement in talking after dinner, with his elbows on the table, in the most easy and familiar manner possible.

"I remarked, that in his moments of inspiration Lord Byron admired Napoleon, as Napoleon himself admired Corneille. In his ordinary moments, when Lord Byron felt himself *un grand seigneur*, he endeavoured to throw ridicule on the Exile of St. Helena. There is no doubt that he felt great envy of the brilliant part of Napoleon's character; his sublime expressions vexed him; we put him quite out of humour, by repeating the famous proclamation to the army in Egypt, '*Soldiers, remember that from the summits of these pyramids forty centuries are looking down upon you.*' Lord Byron would have been more reconciled to Napoleon, if he had had a little of the tame appearance of Washington. What is amusing enough is, that it was not at all the odious and despotic part of Napoleon's character which displeased the English Peer.

"One evening, when Lord Byron did me the honour of promenading with me, in the green-room of La Scala, some person came and told him that the Austrian officer on guard at the theatre had arrested his secretary, Mr. Polidori, a physician, who attended him. Lord Byron's countenance instantly exhibited a striking resemblance to that of Napoleon, when he was in a rage. Seven or eight persons accompanied him to the *corps de garde*: there he was quite magnificent with compressed indignation and energy during a whole hour that the officer on guard was blustering with vulgar passion. On our return to the box of Signor de Breme, we began praising the aristocratic principles which were generally great favourites with Lord Byron. He felt the irony and quitted the box, *internally*, in a rage, but, *externally*, displayed nothing but the most perfect politeness. Next day the secretary was obliged to quit Milan.

"Signor de Breme prevailed upon me shortly afterwards to accompany his Lordship to the *Museo di Brera*; I admired the depth of feeling with which this great poet entered into the merits of painters the most opposite in in their style; Raphael, Guercino, Luini, Titian, &c. *Hagar dismissed by Abraham*, by Guercino, quite electrified him; from that moment admiration kept us all silent; he *improvised* for a whole hour, much better, in my opinion, than ever did Madame de Stael.

* A Poem of Monti on Bonaparte, composed on occasion of the death of the celebrated geometer Lorenzo Mascheroni.

"What struck me the most in this extraordinary man, particularly when he was abusing Napoleon, was, that according to my opinion, he had no real knowledge of mankind; his pride, his rank, his renown, had prevented him from treating with them on a footing of equality. His hauteur and distrust had always kept them at too great a distance to allow him to observe them properly; he was too much accustomed to undertake nothing but what he could carry by main force. As some compensation, he displayed a multitude of delicate and just ideas when we happened to talk of women whom he knew, as he always had a desire to please and to deceive them. He spoke with pity of the women of England, of Geneva, and of Neufchatel, &c. What Lord Byron's genius wanted was, to be put under the necessity of negociating and discussing with his equals. I am convinced that, if he had lived to return from Greece, his talents would have appeared, all at once, enlarged one-half. In his endeavours to reconcile Mavrocordato and Colocotroni, he would have acquired some positive knowledge of the human heart; then, perhaps, Lord Byron might have elevated himself to the height of real tragedy. He would have had fewer fits of misanthropy; he would not have always thought that every one about him was solely occupied with him, and occupied with a view to excite his envy, or to deceive him. The fund of misanthropy of this great man had been increased by English society. His friends remarked, that the more he lived with the Italians, the more happy and obliging he became. If we substitute *black bile* for fits of childish anger, we shall find that Lord Byron's character had the most striking resemblance to that of Voltaire.

"But I must conclude, in order not to make a dissertation instead of a letter. You must excuse me, Madam, for troubling you with these general observations. I could have wished rather to have given you facts; but an interval of seven or eight years has banished these from my memory, in which there now only remain the conclusions which I drew from them at the time. I shall be very happy if you are satisfied with this kind of moral portrait, and if you regard these hastily-written pages as a proof of the profound respect with which, I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

"H. BEYLE."

THE REV. R. C. MATURIN.

The Irish papers, in announcing the death of this gentleman, have indulged in various panegyrics on his character as an author, a man, and a divine. Unqualified praise, however, gives an imperfect idea of any person, and, to judge correctly of Mr. Maturin, his portrait must be drawn and coloured with a more impartial pencil than that of either an avowed friend or a professed eulogist. If he was gifted with genius, he was also given to follies, nor were even his excellencies, however great, unalloyed with the vanities and eccentricities of common-place humanity.

Before the tragedy of *Bertram* was produced at Drury-lane Theatre, and received with such distinguished approbation, Mr. Maturin was the humble, unknown, and unnoticed curate of St. Peter's, Dublin; from which he derived a stated income of £70, or at the utmost £100 per annum. In the same unostentatious corner of the splendid Church Establishment of Ireland, he died on Saturday, October 30, 1824. Mr. Maturin, however, was at no period dependant upon the emoluments of his curacy. Before the dramatic performance already mentioned conferred *eclat* upon his name and works, he had published one or two novels, which obtained an ordinary rank in the catalogues of our circulating libraries, although they afforded as little profit as fame to their author; and he besides prepared a few young gentlemen to pass the entrance examinations of Trinity College, who for that purpose resided with him, in his house, York-street, Dublin. But, notwithstanding these combined resources, Mr. Maturin's aspirations surpassed them; and, like men of talent in general, whose purses are mostly disproportionate to their desires, he was constantly beset with duns and difficulties. Still these sublunary trifles had even then no serious effect upon the Rev. Gentleman's conceit of his own importance. The person calling at No. —, York-street, on indifferent business, or the creditor who "for the last time" demanded an audience, was ushered into an apartment studiously indicative of the owner's several *pursuits*, and having waited a sufficiently fashionable time, was received, answered, and dismissed with a sovereign air of superiority, which was, at least, as much calculated to surprise as to satisfy. The curate of St. Peter's, in short, though at that period not a very young man, was, as he ever after remained, exceedingly vain both of his person and accomplishments; and, as his income would not allow him to attract attention by the splendour of his dress and manners, he seldom failed to do so by their singularity. Mr. Maturin was tall, slender, but well proportioned, and, on the whole, a good figure, which he took care to display in a well-made black coat, tightly buttoned, and some odd light-coloured stocking-web pantaloons, and shoes, surmounted in winter by a coat of prodigious dimensions, gracefully thrown on, so as not to obscure the symmetry it affected to protect. This odd exhibition, however, of an elegant form in the street, the church, or the drawing-room, did not suffice. The Rev. Gentleman sang and danced, and prided himself on performing the movements and evolutions of the quadrille, certainly better than any other divine of the Established Church, and equal to any private lay-gentleman of the three kingdoms. It often happened, too, that Mr. Maturin either laboured under an attack of gout, or met with some accident, which compelled the use of a slipper or a bandage on one foot or one leg, and, by an unaccountable congruity of mischances, he was uniformly compelled on these occasions to appear in the public thoroughfares of Dublin, where the melancholy spectacle of a beautiful limb in pain never failed to excite the sighs and sympathies of all the interesting persons who passed, as well as prompting their curiosity to make audible remarks or inquiries respecting the possessor.

The effect upon a person of this temperament of the unexpected success of *Bertram*, led to some untoward consequences. The profits of the representation, and the copyright of that tragedy, exceeded, perhaps, one thousand pounds, while the praises bestowed upon its author by critics of all classes, convinced Mr. Maturin that he had only to sit down and concoct any number of plays he pleased, each yielding him a pecuniary return, at least equal to the first. He had therefore scarcely arrived in Dublin, with his full-blown dramatic honours and riches, when tradesmen of all hue, and callings, were ordered to York-street, to paint, furnish, and decorate, with suitable taste and splendour, the mansion of the great new-born tragic poet of Ireland. The Reverend Gentleman's proceedings in other respects, of course, took a corresponding spring. Unfortunately the brightest hopes of genius are often the most fallacious, and so it proved in the present instance. A few months produced a second tragedy, which failed, and with it not only faded away the dreams of prosperity in which the author of *Bertram* so fondly indulged, but his house was assailed by importunate creditors, who lodged executions, and every other disagreeable sort of legal inmates in that abode of genius and merit. Time enabled Mr. Maturin gradually to extricate himself from these embarrassments, and having thus had the wings of his ambition somewhat shortened, he in future pursued a safer flight. His eccentricities, however, remained in their former vigour, and in the coteries of Lady Morgan, or the romantic solitudes of Wicklow, the vain oddities of the Curate of St. Peter's continued as remarkable as during the height of his tragic triumphs. Of late years his pen was chiefly employed on works of romance, in which he evinced great powers of imagination and fecundity of language, with evident and lamentable carelessness in the application of both. He wrote, in fact, for money, not for fame, and succeeded in drawing a considerable revenue from the sale of his productions.

The immediate cause of Mr. Maturin's death was, we understand, his having taken a lotion, containing a large quantity of laudanum, in mistake for medicine intended for the stomach.

Correspondence.

MR. FAUNTLEROY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am well assured, my differing with you, in opinion, on the case of the unfortunate Mr. Fauntleroy, will not exclude this letter from your columns. I confess I enter upon the subject with feelings which are at variance with each other; because, from motives of humanity, with yourselves and many others, I should wish Mr. F.'s life to be spared, and yet from principles of justice and of law, I think he ought to suffer. The question, of whether it is justifiable to put a man to death for any crime except that of murder, has, in my humble opinion, nothing to do with the point now under consideration. The penal code of this country is, in some instances, sanguinary, and deals out death with a lavish hand; and, in submitting to your consideration the following observations, I trust it will not be supposed I am an advocate either for the equity, or continuance of these laws. It will, perhaps, be in your recollection, that I have before pointed out some of their severities and inconsistencies; and I merely mention this, to afford myself the opportunity of again avowing an adherence to the same sentiments. The question, then, which we should now particularly look at and examine, is, not whether the law, which awards the punishment of death to perpetrators of crimes similar to those committed by Mr. Fauntleroy, is just and well founded; but whether, from its being a law long in operation, and by which hundreds have been consigned to the silent tomb, we can *at once* abrogate it, to meet the case of a particular individual? I know that it is never too late to discover an error, and upon that discovery to amend our ways; but I think it wrong, broadly and without any limitation, to apply this principle to the Government of a country: for it must be well known, that the regulation of a state cannot exactly keep pace with individual or family improvement, neither can it be regulated with the same nicety of feeling, or the same regard to precision and despatch. As we have gradually emerged from barbarism, so must we gradually approach the climax of human perfection. I conceive Mr. Fauntleroy to be now dead, in point of law; and that the only cheering rays which can at present illume his gloomy cell will be those arising from the contemplation of that bright and resplendent jewel which always has, and ever will dazzle, in the British diadem, MERCY! But a moment's reflection as to the nature and extent of this royal prerogative, will, I am afraid, tend to extinguish even this last and only hope; for as justice is tempered with mercy, so must mercy be tempered with justice. It is well known that the King *may* pardon, and that the King individually, in a temporal sense, can do no wrong; but it is also known, that the King hath sworn "to govern the people of this kingdom, according to the statutes in parliament agreed on, and the laws and customs of the same:" how then can he, consistently, be advised to adhere to the operations of a law, in all its bearings, *except the penalty*, and be called upon to mitigate that penalty, in a case ten hundred times more heinous and aggravated than other cases, where the full penalty has been rigorously inflicted? Let the manes of that host of miserable beings now mouldering with the silent dust, whose lives were forfeited for petty forgeries and uttering of forged notes, speak, and let their voice be heard! To what end shall we listen to their voice? to perpetuate the same miseries? to pursue the same system? No! far otherwise. The public attention is now alive to the importance of a revision of the criminal code, and I firmly believe that, should Mr. Fauntleroy atone for his crimes, by the forfeiture of his existence, he will not die in vain. I forbear to work upon the feelings, by a statement of the incalculable misery which might result from mal-practices so warily and extensively executed as those of Mr. F., because my object is merely to discuss the point with reference to the just and legal possibility of sparing his life, as the law now stands, and I have therefore confined myself within the limits of an attempt to show, that this cannot consistently be done.

"We must not make a scarecrow of the law." There must be consistency and vigour in the measures of a Government; and the laws of a country should never proceed to condemn, and then be afraid or pause to execute. I look upon this to be a certain means of bringing all law into contempt, and sapping the best interests of society.

No alteration of the penal code can now affect the case of Mr. Fauntleroy, for he is civilly dead; and therefore it can only have a general influence in guiding and regulating subsequent legislation in the amendment of such code. These remarks are founded upon the principle of public justice, and I trust they will be examined with candour.

I sincerely lament that there is nothing in the case of the unfortunate Mr. Fauntleroy, which can justify a departure from the established law.

W.

Liverpool, Nov. 22, 1824.

LATIN GRAMMARS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am a solitary learner of the Latin language. The grammar recommended to me, for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of the syntax of that language, is that of Mr. Jones, author of a Greek grammar, &c. On the whole, I much approve of Mr. Jones's Latin grammar; but there is one rule of syntax which I cannot clearly comprehend: it is rule 2, and stands thus:—"When a person is distinguished by any rank, quality, or character, the noun expressing it is used in the genitive to denote the *source*, or in the ablative to denote the *origin* of that distinction; as, *Adolescens summæ virtutis*, a youth of consummate virtue. But the ablative is used for the genitive, when the quality, rank, or character, in question, is represented, not as the *source* of distinction, but as the *instrument* or *medium* by which the subject is distinguished; as, *Vir summâ prudentiâ*, a man *with* the highest prudence; *i. e.* a man accompanied with, or distinguished by, the highest prudence."

Quere:—May we not say the same of *adolescens* and *virtue*?

If, Sir, you will make the *Kaleidoscope* the "*instrument* or *medium*" by which some grammatical friend will elucidate the above rule, you will do a great kindness to, yours, &c. INQUIRER.

Edge-hill, November 18, 1824.

I will just observe to yourself, Sir, by way of P. S. that Grant, in his "Institutes," Syn. R. 12, says:—"If the latter of two substantives have an adjective of *praise* or *dispraise* joined with it, it may be put in the genitive or ablative; as, *Vir summæ prudentiæ*, vel *summâ prudentiâ*."

Zumpt (translated by Kewick) sect. 70, says:—"The substantive can only be used in the genitive, when joined with an adjective, as, not *homo ingenii*, but *homo magni, summi, excellentis ingenii*." This, however, throws no light on the subject, why the noun should not be in the ablative, as in Grant's example.

Lastly, Mr. J. says, Syn. R. 15:—"Adjectives signifying qualities of mind, or of body, require a noun in the *genitive*, to express the *origin* of those qualities." In rule two he had said the *ablative* was to denote the *origin* of the distinguishing quality.

Towards the close of R. 15, Mr. J. says:—"As the genitive and ablative *alike* express *cause* or the *origin* of things, they are often used one for the other."

It appears to me that this last clause might serve instead of R. 2, but I think the matter well worth the investigation of some of your correspondents.

TOADS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The very curious subject of toads being found alive in solid rocks, I was talking about lately with some colliers at Burnley, in consequence of toads having recently, in two instances, been found there alive in a deep and solid rock of blue grit, which is nearly as hard as limestone. In working the coal-pit in summer, they said they often met with young frogs and toads, where there were cracks and little streams of water; the frogs jumped about, and became the prey of the rats and mice, with which the workings abounded: but, following the toads with the streams, one would expect them to be found in such parts of the rocks as had veins differently coloured by a sandy sediment; but, in most instances, they are found in what appears to have been an uniform rock for ages: though, doubtless, whatever is the colouring matter of the blue grit, in the above instance, may also change the colour of the sediment.—Yours, &c. H.

There have been many experiments made of burying toads in air-tight boxes for years in the ground, and when taken up again they appeared of the same size, with the yellow ring round their eyes as bright as ever.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A few of the juvenile readers of the *Kaleidoscope* will consider themselves much indebted to its worthy editor, if he or any of his correspondents will oblige them by answering the following question, which occurred the other night in one of their evening debates:—"Would the gratification of every wish produce peace of mind?" The question, at first, appeared ridiculous, as every one acknowledges that abundance of possessions confer no real happiness, till some of the party suggested the following argument:—"If a person could obtain every wish, and wished for peace of mind, would it not be obtained?" This, of course, is a mere play upon the words; but, as it accidentally arose in conversation, and was strenuously supported on the one hand, and as positively denied on the other, a solution from a third party would decide it. An early attention to this request will particularly oblige, as the event is awaited with some anxiety by the members of the

CHIT-CHAT ASSOCIATION.

Funeral Oration delivered in the Roman Catholic Chapel, Seel-street, Liverpool, on the 27th October, 1824, *on the occasion of the death of Louis XVIII.*

The Rev. Mr. Orré, of Liverpool, has just published a pamphlet, of thirty pages, with the foregoing title.

Our other avocations have not yet permitted us to peruse this work, which is thus noticed in the Saturday's paper:

"A tract is advertised in another part of our paper, an Oration on the Death of Louis XVIII., to which respect for the production itself, which we have perused with pleasure, as well as personal esteem for its respectable author, make us desirous of calling the attention of our readers. It is a brief sketch of the life of the deceased monarch, from which is drawn the encomium on his character, which all allow to be just;—that he was a pious, a virtuous, and amiable man: and the obvious moral reflections which arise out of the subject, and which are applicable to all, are derived and enforced with grace and eloquence. It is a remarkable example of a correct and elegant style, attained by a foreigner in our language."

Theatre.—Our readers will perceive that the benefit of Mr. Andrews is advertised for Wednesday next, when the deeply-affecting tragedy of *Jane Shore* will be performed, Mrs. M'Gibbon personating the principal character. This tragedy is seldom acted here, and cannot fail to be attractive. After the play, Mr. Richard Andrews (son of the respectable and useful actor whose benefit is announced) will perform on the grand piano-forte; and the laughter-loving world will have another opportunity of seeing "Life in London."—*See adv.*

The Kaleidoscope.

TO THE PUBLIC IN GENERAL,

AND ESPECIALLY

TO OUR IRISH READERS.

The circulation of the *Kaleidoscope* in Ireland has increased, is increasing, and it shall not be our fault if it do not continue to increase. Our readers in that country, to which we are much attached, have it in their power to serve us materially by their recommendations of our work, if it appear to them to deserve that favour. Such publications as ours, not containing *news*, stand especially in need of individual recommendation, which has more weight than any thing the proprietors can offer in their favour.—Our friends in the sister country are respectfully informed, that they may be supplied with any of the former four volumes of the *Kaleidoscope*, through Messrs. De Joncourt and Harvey, Dublin, who will forward them to any part of Ireland. These volumes contain a most copious and minute index, and the price in boards is 17*s.* 6*d.* Irish—We beg further to trespass upon the patience of our Irish friends while we state, that our original translation of *L'Hermite en Italie*, which is this very day brought to a conclusion, was commenced in February last; between which time and the present, we have put our readers in possession of the first, and we believe the only translation of a favourite French author, the two volumes of which, in the original, are sold at a price equal to two-thirds of our whole volume. A reserve of these is kept to supply back orders, and may be had of the agents by timely application.

The following popular and cheap publications, which have issued from our office, may not be uninteresting to the Irish readers:

A Perspective VIEW of the LIVERPOOL NEW MARKET, with a GROUND PLAN of the INTERIOR of that extensive Structure. Price Sixpence.

An elegantly-engraved VIEW of the LIVERPOOL TOWN-HALL, with a PLAN of the SPLENDID SUITE OF ROOMS, and a full description of that admired Edifice. Price Sixpence.—[This publication is adapted to binding with the *Kaleidoscope*.]

A MAP and DESCRIPTION of the celebrated MAMMOTH CAVE (several miles in extent) in North America. Price Twopence.

A Lithographic PORTRAIT of OLD ELLEN TATE, who lately died in the Liverpool Workhouse, aged 110 years 2 months and 12 days. Price Sixpence.

Mr. ROSCOE'S DISCOURSE on the Opening of the Liverpool ROYAL INSTITUTION. Price Fourpence.

To Correspondents.

FOREIGN COMMERCE.—The elegant and entertaining essay from the Spectator, lately introduced with such happy effect by Mr. M'Culloch, in his interesting Lectures on Political Economy, shall be given in an early number of the *Kaleidoscope*.

ASTRONOMY.—The second part of *Newtonian's* Thoughts on Astronomy, which have been unintentionally delayed, shall appear in our next.

MAUVAISE HONTE.—The correspondent who has favoured us with an essay on this subject has omitted to state whether it is original; and if not, from what work it is selected.

A's lines, addressed to Miss B. on her nuptials, are reserved for our next.

VOLTAIRE'S ENGLISH POETRY.—The two stanzas written by Voltaire in English, and presented to us by a correspondent, have been mislaid, but we have no doubt will be found before our next publication. The Italian and French pieces which accompanied them shall appear in our next.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE KALEIDOSCOPE.—The next *Kaleidoscope* will be accompanied by a gratuitous Supplement, in order that we may bring up some arrears, and put our readers in possession of some very valuable documents connected with the great change which will take place in the British weights and measures, in May next. The supplements we have occasionally been in the habit of giving, are intended to compensate some of our readers for the introduction of any subjects in which they may take no interest—music or advertisements; and we take occasion to repeat, that, exclusive of these two items, our subscribers will find that our annual volume contains much more general matter than could be comprised in fifty-two weekly numbers.—We expect, by means of our extra half-sheet, to find room in our next for the following:—*E. S.* on the death of Madame Riego—*La Gloire Militaire*—*L. L.* on the alleged plagiarisms of Anacreon Moore—*Observator's* critique, No. 3—*Caulab*—*L.'s* lines to his brother,

The communication of *Caustic* is under consideration.

Juvenis's query shall be answered next week.

MUSIC.—The Swiss Air, with which we have been favoured by a correspondent, is somewhat too long for our stock of types. We are of opinion, that some of the music dealers in Liverpool would publish it. We have not made up our minds with respect to the musical offering of *Solomon Nightingale*. The old Scotch air, to which a correspondent has composed a few verses, is certainly very beautiful; but it appears to us that if we should give the words, and refer to the tune, which is very familiar, the object of our correspondent would be accomplished; and our musical types might be employed on other subjects. However, we shall examine the accompaniment affixed to the air, and if we find that it is original, or varied from the ordinary version, we shall, in all probability, introduce the whole into an early number of the *Kaleidoscope*. We should be glad to speak personally with friend *Solomon*, which might save a world of future explanation.

HALIFAX.—We assure our agent, Mr. Whitley, that we sent the usual number of the *Kaleidoscope* to his address last week. We cannot form an idea of the cause of their non-arrival, but to prevent disappointment we have forwarded another supply. We should be glad to know whether any copies of our work, of Nov. 23, got into circulation in Halifax, and by what means.

Printed, published, and sold, EVERY TUESDAY, by R. SMITH & Co. 75, Lord-street, Liverpool.